EMMY DESTINN PLAYS CRITIC

THE BOHEMIAN SINGER'S LIKES AND DISLIKES IN OPERA.

No Brunnhilde for Her—Roles in Which Real Women Are Depicted Please Her Best—Toning Down Salome—No Enmity With Miss Farrar. She Says.

Masses of black hair that fall on either side from a braid that surmounts her head like a diadem and frame a face of ivory tint; serious black eyes that are the most eloquent feature of her face, for they impart the touch of Slavic melancholy, and a row of dazzling white teeth between full red lips—these are the first impressions that one receives of Emmy Destinn. Every trait in her appearance is accentuated by the impersonal surroundings in which she is found.

The inexpressive furnishings of an uptown hotel drawing room contrast strikingly with this exotic personality. The stiff red plush sofa, the table with its dim electric lamp on the red scarf that covers it, all these are a contrast to the unusual occupant of the room. There is not a suggestion of the nature of its tenant if the grand piano and the few pieces of music regularly piled on it are excepted. A photograph of Arturo Toscanini with a cordial dedication and the bands of colored ribbon inscribed with legends in Bohemian—these are the only indications of the fact that the woman is a singer—perhaps the greatest her race has produced.

Is it her Dresden experience that makes the national element in Emmy Destinn so strong? She was met at the pier on her arrival here by representatives of the local Bohemian societies, and she has received whenever she appears at the Metropolitan flowers from the same source. In every case they have been bound with ribbons bearing patriotically worded inscriptions.

"When I went to Dresden as a beginner," she said to THE SUN reporter, "it was just after the disagreements between Bohemia and Germany that grew so strong during 1897. I was not particularly anxious to go there, since my mother had died between the time I was engaged and the date I was expected to begin my engagement; but I had no peace from the intendant, who wrote me daily that I simply must come.

"I was announced to sing in 'Cavalleria Rusticana' and the time of the rehearsal with orchestra was fixed. The conductor directed in such a way that it would have been impossible for anybody to sing the music. The rehearsal was carried through to the end, however.

"The next day I met the intendant at his request. On the ground that I had neither voice nor talent he imparted to me with as much consideration as such a disagreeable fact made possible the conclusion of the management that I was no longer desired in the company. I had been sacrificed to the German feeling against Bohemia.

"I was delighted to get away, whatever the motive of the directors may have been. My career afterward seemed to show how good was their judgment in artistic matters. More evidence of that is to be found in the engagement of Mme. Schumann-Heink to sing the *Clytemnestra* in Richard Strauss's 'Elektra.' That is a part which requires a beautiful woman above everything else. Marcella Sembrich was also allowed to leave Dresden. Everything is possible there."

Dresden seemed much less interesting to Mme. Destinn than the thoughts evoked by the production of "Elektra." She has seen the score as it was gradually completed by the composer and would have sung the title rôle in Berlin had she remained in the company.

"Of course the text suffers from the same disagreeable characteristics that Strauss always selects," she said. "But it is really mild in comparison, for instance, with 'Feuersnoth.' If New York rejected 'Salome' I should like to know what would happen if some of the directors read the libretto of that work.

"I can well understand from what I have heard why 'Salome' was too strong for American taste. There is one great task for every interpreter of that work, above all of the *Salome*. The constant effort must be to ameliorate every situation that may be unpleasant for the audience.

"In Berlin, for instance, I had a rug which was thrown over the head so that it was scarcely visible for more than a second. Yet when I went to sing the part in Paris they handed me a head made of wax and so lifelike that I almost fainted myself at the sight of it. Of course I would not sing the opera with it."

Mme. Destinn is a composer, and several of her songs have been published, and not, like her poems, for private distribution only. She has tried her hand at fiction as well, and "Forgotten Eyes," a novelette which appeared shortly before she left Berlin, made a good impression. But she is not inclined to take her literary work seriously.

"I never expected to be confronted with my poor writings when I arrived here," she said, "and I thought they were unknown outside of Germany. Even here my sins have found me out.

"The song cycle to which I wrote the words was really more of a joke than anything else. It is called 'The Gallant Abbé' and lasts about half an hour. Leo Blech composed the music and we sang it four times in public. I copied the manner of the eighteenth century poets in making the story, and Blech devoted himself to composing such difficult music that I am sure nobody else will ever take the trouble to sing my little songs.

"My work is for me the substitute for social life. I go nowhere. I have about me the few friends who are congenial. It was for my friends that I published my poems because I value them as the souvenirs of this or that happy moment of life or perhaps as the souvenir of a moment which was not so happy. At all events it is preserved for me in the little verses that I dedicate to it.

"Music cannot fill every minute of one's life. Such a monotony would be as disadvantageous to the artist as if she never thought of music after she left the theatre. I find the most instructive and helpful contrast in writing.

MADAME DESTJNN.

"Perhaps some day my play 'Rahuz und Mahulena' may be acted. It is a Bohemian fairy story I have written after the fashion of Maeterlinck.

"You see I have plenty to keep me busy. For that reason I have never had the least part of my time to spare for society. Friends that are inspiring, congenial and appreciative—they and my work make my world busy."

Yet the young singer, who is now just about to begin her thirtieth year, finds time to think of her rôles and to form very decided impressions concerning them. It was surprising to hear that for a soprano who might aspire to sing the greater Wagnerian characters she found nothing of interest in the rôle of *Brünnhilde*.

"I am not a dramatic soprano in the ordinary sense of that term," she explained. "I have always thought that my best achievements would be on the border line between the lyric and the dramatic. In no case, however, should I sing *Brünnhilde* in any of the Nibelungen operas.

"She is too divine for me, too much of a goddess. I must have a little more human passion and life. In the case of *Isolde* there is a great difference.

"Whether I shall ever sing the rôle or not remains to be seen. I have only done the 'Liebestod' in public so far. But *Isolde* is just as noble and exalted as *Brünnhilde*, and is in addition a human being.

"Of the four Wagnerian characters that I sing possibly *Senta* is the most interesting to me. There is so much to inspire the singer in the mystic, supernatural love of this girl for the man that she has never seen and is willing to lose her life for.

"There are delightful moments too in the character of *Eva*, although there is nothing dramatic in the rôle. Perhaps a beautiful head of yellow hair is the most important thing about *Elsa*, yet I have always found inspiring parts in the recital. And in the rôle of *Elisabeth* there ought to be every opportunity for the actress who tries to draw the picture of the gradual change from the loving, pure hearted girl into the ascetic who has lost everything in life but her faith and dies with only that to console her. I find the womanhood of these characters more interesting to the artist than the later heroines, except *Isolde*."

Mme. Destinn has ended her contract with the Royal Opera House in Berlin, although she has still an agreement to return for six weeks. After she has sung those performances any future engagements will be the result of new contracts. But Mme. Destinn expects to go to Berlin frequently between her appearances here and at Covent Garden.

She is under contract here for five years at the Metropolitan if both she and Mr. Dippel are satisfied to continue the original arrangement under which she came here. She hopes that after a while she may be allowed to sing in "Madama Butterfly," which is one of her best known characters. She created the rôle at the first performance in London.

"I have always wanted to sing the *Manon* of Puccini as well," she said, "for that is a real woman. The Massenet heroine is too much of a boudoir or hothouse character to be very inspiring.

"I have not the least interest in *Tosca*. She is a figure of the theatre cut out of the same pasteboard as all the rest of the Sardou women, and not alive, only moved about to fit in the scheme of the plot. I don't know why I am not more eager to sing *Donna Anna*, but I take much more pleasure out of Gluck's *Armide*.

"There is a fine sweep about the scribe women in the Meyerbeer operas, artificial as they are, and being drawn on those broad lines gives them a dignity that makes them possible. I don't know why I could never bring myself to sing *Leonora* in 'Il Trovatore.' No other opera seems to epitomize so completely all the faults of Italian opera.

"All its absurdities from *Manrico*, with his high C, down to the gypsy mother and the burning prison are there. No, I never could attempt *Leonora*. There is a certain interest about *Violetta*, or even *Gilda*, both rôles that I have never sung, not only musically but in their characters, that I could never see in *Leonora*. One of the blessings of the stage to-day is that there are more and more fascinating women put into the modern operas, so we need never despair of not finding plenty of attractive rôles."

During the last autumn Mme. Destinn went down to Prague, where she was born, to sing before her own people in her own language. In that she is called Destinova, and one of the parts she sang was in the Smetana opera, "The Bartered Bride," which will be sung here later in the season.

"It seems a shame that our Bohemian singers cannot be kept together in Prague," she said. "But so soon as they have made enough success to go elsewhere, they accept the offers of theatres that can pay more than ours.

"There is a conservatory to train them and many of them go directly from the school into the opera. Carl Burrian began there, and so did Marok, the tenor that Mr. Dippel is thinking of bringing out here for 'The Bartered Bride.' Occasionally there are some southern Slavs in the school, but most of them come from the neighborhood of Prague.

"Every opera is sung in Bohemian. Even the musicians in the orchestra are Bohemians. You will find our singers in all the large opera houses of Europe. They began in Prague, but were soon invited to go somewhere else."

Mme. Destinn looked out of the window of the drawing room on the tenth floor of the uptown apartment hotel, gazed first at the city steaming in fog with the higher lights reflected on the shiny roofs below, and then at the Hudson.

"I must learn this great place," she said, "get closer to it than I have ever felt myself since I came here. Most of the time I have been ill—I was even so ill at the first performance of 'Tiefland, that the difficulty of singing a character I hate was made much greater—but I am getting well and will study this monster of a city.

"And do, please, deny these absurd stories about any enmity between Miss Farrar and me. I could never feel enmity toward a woman I had seen but for five minutes in my life.

"So far as the singing of the first 'Butterfly' is concerned, that was for Miss Farrar. Her contract called for her to sing a new rôle. The only new operas to be given were 'Therese' by Massenet and 'Butterfly.' The Massenet opera required a contralto in the leading rôle, so there was nothing left for Miss Farrar but the Puccini opera.

"Then, nobody who had sung the part in Italian would ever want to have any share in the German production. The translation has robbed the original of all its beauty, and there have been many absurdities introduced that were never in the Italian performances. Do deny those absurd stories."

But when Director Dippel was arguing with Miss Farrar he said that there was not the least reason in the world why she should not share the opera with Mme. Destinn.

"First you sing the 'Butter' and Destinn will sing the 'Fly.' And the next time you will have the 'Fly' and Destinn the 'Butter,'" he said.

The butter seems to have had its effect, whatever source it came from.

MADAME DESTINN WITHOUT AN INTERPRETER.

FIGHTERS BORN IN CITIES

CRACK PUGILISTS COME FROM TENEMENT DISTRICTS.

New York, Brooklyn, San Francisco, Birmingham, England, and Sydney, New South Wales, Have Had Stars—Country Lads at a Disadvantage.

Very few of the great fistic gladiators are born among the green fields of the country. The majority of them first see the light of day in the overcrowded tenement house districts of our large cities. Leach Cross, for example, who has recently become prominent, hails from the Ghetto section of New York city, while Packy McFarland, who beat him the other day, comes from the most thickly populated part of Chicago.

Nearly all ring champions of America, England and Australia are either natives of big cities or have been developed where the hustle and bustle of life has been the most strenuous. Tom Hyer, the first recognized heavyweight champion of America, was born in the old Ninth ward, this city, which turned out so many fighters half a century ago, when Bill Poole, the dead game Washington Market butcher, was the idol and pet of the fight fans. On the night of February 24, 1885, Lewis Baker and some other enemies shot Poole in Stanwix Hall, opposite the old Metropolitan Hotel on Broadway. He lived fourteen days with a bullet in his heart and on his deathbed his last words were:

"I die a true American!"

Poole's funeral was one of the most extraordinary ever seen in this city for a man of his class. It was attended by the high and the low and reached from Bleecker street to the Battery. The coffin was wrapped in an American flag and plays were produced later at various theatres in which Poole's tragic end was depicted.

Tom Hyer was a classy fellow as a pug and was well thought of, especially by the Washington Market butchers. When Tom got too old to fight and needed a little money all he had to do was to slip down to the market, walk behind the various stalls and help himself to a ten or twenty dollar note from each till. Suppose some of the modern grab all fighters had such a privilege?

Pious old Brooklyn has turned out more than its share of fistic champions. Johnny Dwyer, who was born there, became heavyweight champion of America. Jim Dunne, now a wealthy citizen and a Deputy Commissioner of Sewers, held the heavyweight title before Dwyer. Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, though born in Ireland, was raised and developed in the manly art in old Williamsburg, together with Jack McAuliffe, also born in the "old country." McAuliffe held the lightweight championship of the world for twelve years, longer than any other man in the history of pugilism. Jack Skelly, who became the amateur featherweight champion, was a Brooklyn boy and learned the trade of cooper in the same Williamsburg shop in which Dempsey and McAuliffe worked around the barrels. Among other fighters that Brooklyn has produced are Terry McGovern, former featherweight champion; Liney Tracey, Arthur Mullins, Billy Dwyer, Kid Carter, Willie Fitzgerald, Sailor Burke, Tommy Feltz, Matty Matthews, Kid Hogan and Aleck Brown.

In England a majority of the crackajack pugs hail from Birmingham, "the fighting city of Great Britain." Charley Mitchell, Jem Carney, Billy Plimmer, Alf Greenfield, Jem Mace, Ted Pritchard, Dick Burge, Owen Moran, Joe Bowker and other noted British fighters are all from Birmingham. But before pugilists developed in that city can be recognized as finished artists they have to make a sort of début in London. If they graduate with high honors from the National Sporting Club of London they are usually considered top notchers.

Some of the best judges of the game in England are members of the National Sporting Club, and fighters must conduct themselves well in order to receive a decision in the club's arena. A pug who tries any unfair tactics there will find himself quickly disqualified, also thrown into the street without ceremony. No outsider can witness a contest at this exclusive club unless first introduced by a regular member who pays in advance for his guest's ticket. Tickets cost various sums. They have run from $10 to $100 each.

Sydney, N. S. W., is the home city of Australia's most prominent pugilists. Larry Foley, who was an old pupil of Jem Mace, is the chief promoter of the boxing game in the antipodes. Foley has turned out such fistic celebrities as Bob Fitzsimmons, Jem Hall, Young Griffo, Peter Jackson, Frank P. Slavin, Dummy Mace, Tom Duggan, Paddy Gorman, Tom Tracey, Dan Creedon, Jim Ryan, Tut Ryan and Starlight. They were not all natives of Sydney, but it was there that they got their chief knowledge of the manly art.

San Francisco for its population has turned out more than its share of ring artists. Among them are Jim Corbett, Joe Choynski, Abe Attell, Jimmy Britt, Al Kaufman, Aleck Greggains and a bunch of others, while California can also lay claim to James J. Jeffries. Frisco is a redhot fighting town. The old California Athletic Club was the first organization of its kind in America. Some of the most notable battles of the prizering were fought in the club's arena. Among them was the memorable battle between Jim Corbett and Peter Jackson which lasted sixty-one rounds without a decision. Bob Fitzsimmons made his first American appearance at this club in a tryout with Frank Allen. The latter broke his wrist and Fitz was soon matched with Billy McCarthy, whom he defeated in nine rounds. Dempsey, McAuliffe, Kilrain, George Dixon, Solly Smith, Abe Willis, George Dawson, Griffo, George Godfrey, Joe McAuliffe, Patsy Cardiff, Billy Murphy, Spider Weir, Johnny Griffin and nearly every other pugilist in his prime fifteen years ago appeared before the members of the old club. There have been a dozen big boxing clubs in Frisco since the California A. C. closed its doors and most of them have been successful.

For long distance fights Frisco, Los Angeles and Goldfield are the only battlegrounds in America just now. In the East and in New York only short limited round bouts are permitted by the authorities. Any young fellow who can go a bit finds little trouble in getting a chance in one of these four or six round affairs. They receive all sorts of prices for their services—from a five dollar bill to a two thousand dollar bankroll. A Philadelphia club recently offered a $10,000 purse for a six round go between Nelson and McFarland. This is big money for eighteen minutes of boxing, but New York has seen better days in the boxing line. Corbett and McCoy indulged in their famous fake fight in Madison Square Garden ten years ago, and about $75,000 was taken in at the doors.

Among other well known pugilists of days gone by who grew up to manhood in the crowded cities were Joe Coburn, Ed Price, John C. Heenan, John Morrissey, Yankee Sullivan, Tom Allen, Mike McCool, Joe Goss, Billy Edwards, Arthur Chambers, Barney Aaron, Ned O'Baldwin, Mike Donovan, Tom Sayers, Jem Ward, Billy Bell, Jimmy Elliott, Bill Davis, Dooney Harris, Dick Hollywood, Johnny Keating, Harry Lazarus, Owney Geoghegan, Sam Collyer, Con Orem, Aaron Jones, Joe Wormald, Dan Davyer, Bill Hastings and Patsy Marley.

Among the latter day fighters who claim cities for their homes were John L. Sullivan, Dominick McCaffrey, Jake Kilrain, Paddy Ryan, Prof. John M. Leffler, Jack Ashton, George Godfrey, Harry Gilmore, Billy Myer, Brooklyn Jimmy Carroll, Austin Gibbons, Cal McCarthy, Johnny Murphy, Mysterious Billy Smith, Danny Needham, Tommy Ryan, Ike Weir, Frank Craig, Mike Cleary, Kid McPartland, Tommy West, Eddie Pierce and Eddie Curry.

The most recent crop of city bred pugilists includes Bill Papke, Tommy Murphy, Willie Lewis, Harry Lewis, Benny Yanger, Tommy Burns, Jack Johnson, Hugo Kelly, Billy Mellody, Kid Murphy, George Memsic, Frank Nell, Joe Gans, Charley Neary, Matty Baldwin, Kid Goodman, Dick Hyland, Jimmy Briggs, Joe Thomas, Jimmy Walsh, Johnny Conlon, Young O'Leary, Freddie Corbett, Grover Hayes, Joe Jeanrette, Sam Langford, Rouse O'Brien, Chester Goodwin, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and a hundred others.

Many of the leading professionals have graduated from the amateur ranks. Jim Corbett often tells a story to the effect that when he was a young amateur he saw Jack Dempsey take part in his first fight in Frisco. Corbett says he studied every move of the Nonpareil and declares:

"I really learned more from Dempsey than any man I ever saw in the ring. His wonderful footwork was a revelation to me."

Witnessing mills in city clubs has helped many a youth to get his first start in climbing the pugilistic ladder of fame, while in this respect a boy born in the country is always at a disadvantage. Rube Ferns may be said to have been an exception to this rule.

THE RING IN HYDE PARK.

Open Air Eating to Be Revived There—Its Gay History.

The Ring in Hyde Park was the resort of fashion, fun and frivolity all through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and The Ring is the name by which the new refreshment retreat in Hyde Park is to be known.

The site is almost identical with the Ring of the Stuarts. Some of the old trees still remain and they have been spared to give shade to the installation once more of refreshments in the open air.

The history of Hyde Park is, in a real sense, a history of London and Londoners. Henry VIII. first acquired the church Manor of Hide in 1586, and turned it into a deer park. All the Tudors and their guests of honor hunted there.

Satisfaction in the pleasures of the palate was added by James I., who built a royal banqueting hall where now stands the Hoyal Rumane Society's house, and there right merrily the crystal glasses clinked, filled to overflowing, with bumpers of sound sack and cheery canary. Charles I. opened the park to the public and instituted horse races and other sports.

The Stuart Tour, or Course, Cromwell surrounded with iron railings made out of his Primrose Hill cannon, and called it The Ring, driving himself and his friends around in a coach and four. The Stuart sports the grim Protector in no way hindered, but offered prizes for flat racing, pugilistic encounters—quite his own *métier*—and the baiting of beasts—wild and tame.

In the days of the Stuart merrymakings, says the *Lady's Pictorial*, The Ring was the rendezvous of all that was lovely and frail, gallant and débonnair. People first dined, then to the play, at 4 o'clock—either at Sadler's Wells or The Globe—and afterward drove round The Ring to supper and to bed.

"Bevies of gallant ladies in coaches, some singing, some laughing, others tickling one another, and all of them toying with jam tarts and devouring cheesecakes, marchpane and china oranges," congregated daily in watching the beaux of society "playing with silver balls in the Ring"—thus writes honest old Tom Brown in his "Amusements for the Meridian."

The King and Queen patronized the Ring, or "The Tour," daily in their great *calèche* with six piebald Flemish horses. In the middle of the circle was a wooden house called Price's Lodge, after its first Ranger occupant, where were regaled toothsome morsels and tasty nips:

Cheesecakes and custardsand pigeon pie puffs.
With bottle ale, cider and such sort of stuffs!

William and Mary were not fashionable sovereigns; they never drove in the Ring, but dwelt in mock retirement at Hampton Court. Notwithstanding, fun and frolic went on in Hyde Park. Maypoles were erected and old fashioned dances stepped to the accompaniment of bagpipes and fiddles. Kissing of course was quite *en règle* in the Ring, but staider Ringites were moved and shocked by the spectacles of "women, painted, spotted and masked, in hackney coaches and out junketing with dandies."

Thereafter no hired conveyances were allowed to ply in Hyde Park, and the by-law of 1699 is still in force.

Queen Anne was a merry soul. She drank her orange flavored tea in Kensington Gardens, which she laid out, with her favorite, Duchess Sarah, but she showed her handsome figure and her lustrous hair to admiring subjects in the Ring. She too loved cheesecakes and syllabubs and cooling draughts of clear spring water from the ninepools, where now is the reservoir.

When she was really dead and gone soldiers made their appearance in the park; their canteen was in the ring and there the officers messed. Every afternoon, say in the year 1723, society ladies and others in most elegant toilettes or thinly veiled, were wont to visit the camp; after inspecting the tents and their occupants they were entertained with "dishes of hot tea or cool drams of ratafias."

Society greatly resented the intrusion of the middle mercantile classes. James Meadows, writing in 1744, says: "Every illiterate coxcomb who has made a fortune by sharping or shopkeeping endeavors to mimic the great ones; but the Ludgate Hill hobble and the Cheapside swing, with the general city jolt and wriggle, are readily perceived, in spite of the artifices the swarts put on!"

Two new departures marked the opening of the nineteenth century so far as The Ring was concerned. Driving was still quite à la mode. Crossed rapiers and pointed pistols became significant instruments beneath the spreading walnut trees of The Ring. In some of these sanguinary encounters both principals were killed, as in the case of Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton. But lighthearted beauties danced bewitchingly to exorcise the ghosts of gallants done to death and field flowers sprang up where noble blood had soaked the grass.

A craze for drinking spring water set in at the end of the eighteenth century and the springs within The Ring became empiric for stomachic troubles and for ophthalmia. New weaned babes were dipped in those pellucid pools by anxious mothers and busy nurses, and held out to dry in the warm sun, their wee bodies blown upon by favoring breezes.

Such and such were the varied doings in the good old days. Seventy years have come and gone since men and maids made merry and pledged each other in pleasant beverages. The Georgian régime and the early Victorian era drove away all joy and gladness from men's and women's lives. Cant, chicanery and hypocrisy were the spirits of the times.

These dark ages have gone and Hyde Park is still the resort of all the King's liege. The First Commissioner of Works last week had affixed to the new refreshment retreat the name "The Ring Tea House."

He Was Born Too Soon.

From the Queen.

A middle aged gentleman was asked the other day if he liked the liver wing of a chicken.

"I hardly know," he said: "I have so seldom eaten them. When I was a boy they fell to my father's share, and now that I am a father my children eat them."

THE LOSS OF A RAINY DAY

BUSINESS SUFFERS MUCH, THE AMERICAN SPIRIT MORE.

The Waiter Speaks His Mind From the Gloom of Lost Tips—Man Who Is More Cheerful in Stormy Weather He Can't Abide—Appetites Affected.

If London's smoky fogs and drizzle were to come to New York as permanent visitors it would possibly revolutionize our entire system of living, for one bad rainy day results in heavy business losses and drives away the optimistic spirit for which Americans are famous.

New Yorkers in London are often heard to say that one week of the typical weather there would drive Americans insane. Certainly it would never be as patiently lived through as by the Britishers, who are so accustomed to the gloomy skies and dampness that when the sun does shine in May and June on a few rare days they do not know what to make of it.

Such a day in London streets makes every one look shabby, for Londoners have the habit of dressing for sudden showers and damp conditions generally. They always carry umbrellas, never neatly rolled on account of the frequency with which they are used, and the cloth made up in cloaks, coats and clothes for both men and women is of a rough texture, not adapted for pressing, as good after the rain as before it.

New Yorkers do not dress for the rain even when skies are lowering and the result is that hundreds of dollars worth of clothing, feathers, veils, boas and laces are ruined, while as much more must be spent in renovating.

Cabmen and cafés profit on wet days and there is a boom in clairvoyance and fortune telling, for many of the idle, ill and depressed, affected by the dark skies, will seek visionary comfort.

The big department stores are nearly empty on a day of set, steady rain, while beauty parlors, hairdressers, tailors and dressmakers experience a stagnation in trade. Telephones are kept busy breaking engagements and everything is put off till to-morrow.

Hospitals are busier, for patients grow restive, the psychopathic wards fill up and sick people lingering on the borderland between life and death are likely to pass over the boundary on such days. Suicides too are plenty.

But while the rain has its tragedies it also has its humors, for if the average New Yorker believes it best to stay indoors when it rains there are those whom it drives out to seek companionship, adventure and experience. Motormen and car drivers who are unapproached in fair weather find men loitering at their elbows in the rain, inquiring as to the hardships of the life, pressing cigars on them and sometimes promises of overcoats and storm hats.

Restaurants suffer most in bad weather. Persons with homes are anxious to reach them. Nowadays restaurants and hotels are so well provided with the newest processes in refrigeration that there is little or no loss in the way of food, but the trade lost in one night of bad weather never comes back.

The tips which count up so handsomely in some of the popular places are gone forever; and if there is one time when an amateur philanthropist can select a noble deed which is not hard to do it is to give his special waiter an extra tip when he sees the empty tables that confront him on a bad night.

"It means a loss of at least $10 to each man in this room to-night," said such a waiter at 7 o'clock on a rainy night. "If it had cleared for just this hour the people would have come out as usual for dinner here, and if it was pouring when they started for home they would take a cab or a car and not mind it.

"But if it is wet from 6 to 7:30 it is good-by to the dinner trade. I'm sure I don't know what they do for food, for a lot of my regular dinner people live in apartment hotels where there is no restaurant, but I suppose they cook over the gasjets and in chafing dishes and get stuff from the delicatessen stores.

"They'll do most anything before they will leave a comfortable room with a radiator going and start out in the wet even if it's only a block or two to walk. I don't think they dread the walk so much, but simply because people don't seem to have the same sociable spirit after a dark, dismal day.

"Now, the rainy weather, on the contrary, is sure to bring in a few regular wet weather birds that never show up on other nights. The reason is that their own favorite eating place is a little too far to travel to on a wet night, but of course they don't tell us that. They say they came in because they knew it would be quiet and cosey.

"Others are imbued with a friendly spirit on a rainy night and will start in to talk to a waiter and tell of all the blocks and the accidents that happened on account of the weather. They'll talk about anything. The truth is they have been alone in a shop or an office all day and they want some one to listen to them. If there is one of these chaps that makes us tireder than another it's the fellow that is always most cheerful when it's rainy. It never occurs to him that it is not cheerful for the waiter.

"Of course the night crowd comes in about 11, no matter what the weather is, in a place like this, but let me tell you it's a different crowd altogether from the fine night people. They are apt to be either grouchy or else they are finicky about things and send back orders.

"You see a rainy day doesn't make the temper any sweeter as it gets late, and a man will be thinking of his losses or something of that kind when on another night he'll have another view of life altogether. You can even tell how the weather is outside by what the orders are.

"A clear, cold night with snow on the ground, for instance, will send customers in in a fine glow and with a good appetite. A man will call for terrapin or game and oysters and champagne, for that's the way he feels. His blood is warm and he is full of plans for big business deals next day. If he has a lady with him he will get all kinds of sweets and then he'll order something special done up for her in a box to take home. He will give the waiter a generous tip and go out to his cab or his motor feeling like a prince.

"Watch the same man on one of these mean, damp nasty nights. He comes in cross as a bear and his disposition is so apparent that if he asks the waiter what's good on the bill of fare a man who knows his business will not suggest anything. Just as sure as he does it proves a failure, even if it's the finest there is.

"On a rainy night I just mention oysters and see that I get good fresh ones, and then I put all the sauces near at hand and just stand around looking sympathetic and let them tempt their appetites by ordering one thing at a time. If the oysters are good soup will occur to them, and when they get that far they will go on to something else.

"But if you sort of expect a man to order his dinner right off on a wet, disagreeable night you make a mistake. He doesn't feel that way at first. He is simply disgusted with everything and though he may be hungry he doesn't know just what he wants.

"But even at that he's better than the cheerful liar who says all weather is alike to him and that he is not affected by such small matters as rain or snow, wind or hail. So far as a waiter can judge the weather makes all the difference in the world with people's looks, appetites, dispositions, and even their characters are affected by it.

"There is a little ragged newsboy who comes in here at dinner time and on fine evenings I have seen him sell out his whole stock and get a few dollars thrown in from folks that are feeling happy and imagine that he needs the money for new clothes, which they tell him to buy.

"The same boy comes in on a night when the rain is coming down hard and he's wet through and should go home, but nobody notices him except to snap at him and tell him to get out. They are full of their own troubles, you see, and have no heart to spare as they do when there's fresh air to breathe."

PLUNGERS OF THE PAST.

Operations in Which English Owners Figured, Not Always Creditably.

There is no such betting now on the English turf as was transacted in the '50s and early '70s, according to *London Truth*. The last really great stake which was landed over this race, the Cesarewitch, was won by Rosebery, and two years earlier A. Swindell had backed the Truth gelding to win $500,000 by a long course of dexterous but perfectly unscrupulous manœuvring. Mr. Swindell won a huge stake over Dulcibella, which had been tried to a certainty, and she came home alone.

There was an immense win over Lecturer, Lord Hastings himself clearing $400,000, while the total winnings of "the party" were not less than $650,000. When the weights for the Cesarewitch of 1866 were published Lord Hastings considered that his horses had been unfairly treated by Admiral Rous and they were all struck out. Lecturer was not included in the lot, as he had been nominated for some reason or other by the well known Peter Wilkinson. Everything in those days was utterly chaotic and huggermugger in the department of ownership and partnership, but under the present rules Lecturer would surely have been disqualified.

The most sensational race was that won by Lioness, as it led to unpleasant developments which had far reaching results. Col. Ouseley Higgins, who was one of the most popular members of the Jockey Club set, had been for some time on intimate terms with James Merry. He was consulted as to the running of Mr. Merry's horses and was quite behind the scenes in the stable tactics. Lioness was systematically "steadied" with a view to her winning the Cesarewitch, the coup having been for several months in contemplation, but on this occasion not only was Col. Higgins kept in the dark but he maintained that he had been deliberately misled and that not only had he been put off backing the mare himself but he had prevented many of his acquaintances from supporting her.

Mr. Merry, as was said of a celebrated turf tactician, had been "as sly as a fox and as mute as a mackerel." The fact was that he gave his commission to a shrewd man who undertook it only on receiving a most solemn promise that not a word should be uttered in recommendation of Lioness until the numbers were up. Mr. Merry carefully held his tongue, and although Lioness was obviously being backed for a great deal of money, neither Col. Higgins nor any one else received a particle of encouragement from the owner.

When the numbers were hoisted Mr. Merry looked out for Col. Higgins, but in those days it was easy for men to miss each other at Newmarket just before such a big race. One would be in the bird cage and the other might be at the ring or in the crowd of horsemen or in a carriage by the ropes. Mr. Merry met Lord Stamford, who was galloping to the ring, and begged him if he saw Col. Higgins to tell him to be sure to make Lioness a winner.

However, the tip did not arrive in time and directly after Lioness had won easily Col. Higgins galloped up to Mr. Merry's carriage almost speechless with fury and assailed him publicly with a rich flow of invective, including such epithets as are commonly associated with Ananias and Barabbas. Lord Stamford, who came up during the attack, vainly attempted to explain away matters, but Col. Higgins was implacable and vowed that only "satisfaction" would compensate for his grievances.

Mr. Merry did not relish the prospect of standing opposite a bloodthirsty Irishman who was known to be a sure shot, and later in the day Lord Stamford was sent to confer with Col. Higgins with much the same secret instructions as were given by Lord Steyne to Mr. Wenham when he deputed him to meet Col. Rawdon Crawley. Happily the offer was referred for final decision to Admiral Rous and George Payne, whose strong common sense and fine tact enabled them to patch up what Lord Beaconsfield has defined as "a bad tempered understanding."

The episode caused a great fuss at Newmarket, but it was kept very quiet, as people were not in those days so fond of proclaiming quarrels and scandals as they are now. This affair prevented Mr. Merry from being elected a member of the Jockey Club.

A few years afterward his name was to be put forward, but Admiral Rous and Lord George Manners advised the proposer and seconder to withdraw the candidate, as it was absolutely certain that he would be blackballed. Admiral Rous was sensibly averse to subjecting a man of Mr. Merry's position on the turf to a public snub as it might very likely have caused him to sell his stud and give up racing altogether. In those days the names of candidates for the Jockey Club were published in the calendar before the ballot, so if a man was blackballed every one knew of his failure.

There was a great to do about 1867 when the late Duke of Hamilton was blackballed for the Jockey Club, and not only did the welkin ring with the indignation of the candidate's friends but Admiral Rous pointed out the absurdity and folly of rejecting a candidate of unexceptionable position who raced on a very large scale. At that time, however, there was a positive craze for blackballing at Newmarket, and a certain clique vowed to keep out of the club any candidate connected with "the city." Lord Glasgow nearly always put in a blackball, and for years one of the great objects of his life was to keep Col. Forester out.